

Shot in the Dark

by Aurora313

Category: RWBY

Genre: Angst, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: OC, Qrow Branwen

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 05:21:02

Updated: 2016-04-14 05:21:02

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:20:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,087

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Amazing the kinds of people you meet in bars these days, occasionally even old classmates too. And that's just depressing. [Rated for swearing. Implied Unrequited Summer/Qrow.]

Shot in the Dark

RWBY /c/ RoosterTeeth

>OCs c/ Me**

* * *

><p>Shot in the Dark

* * *

><p>Qrow tossed back the third shot glass of whiskey in a row, savoring the burning sensation down the back of his throat. The bar was quiet now, only the hushed tones of a few patrons in far away corners and a crummy sounding junkbox in the corner gave any impression that life existed in this dark damp hole.<p>

"Of all the bars into the ass end of the world, you just had to slink into mine, huh?" A hoarse but familiar voice said, Qrow sensed someone taking a seat next to him at the counter. **

>

He could see who it was. That familiar ash coloured pixie cut, black eyes and black trench coat belonged to April Cot - A huntress turned glorified sheriff of this Vacuo dive.

"April." Qrow greeted, raising his glass slightly. The bartender refilled it, then slammed the bottle down next to it. April ordered her own whiskey bottle.

"What brings you to my dive?"

"Contract." Qrow grunted. "Westerlands needs clearing."

"Thank god." April muttered bitterly, brows furrowed and nose scrunched.

"Aw, and here I was gonna ask you to a class reunion." Qrow said, a sudden mocking drawl in his tone and equally mocking smirk on his lips. April sneered at him.

"Out of the 64 of us that graduated, there's only 10 left. Why do I need that depressing reminder?" She answered, raising a glass to her lips.

"9." Qrow grunted again, fiddling with his. "Terran Dent died last month."

"See. A depressing fucking reminder." April tossed back the whiskey, and ordered another. Silence passed for a long time, minutes dragged on for eternity until it was broken.

"D'ya ever miss it?" Neither was sure whose drunken tone spoke the words. Qrow took the awkward quiet that followed to mean his turn.

"Back in the day, just a bunch of stupid kids thinkin' they could save the world? Lookin' for a life of excitement. Instead we got a crappy futile battle, and there's a goddamn fuckin' war brewing on the horizon."

"Every day, I have to keep reminding myself I signed up for this," April admitted, swiveling in her chair to watched the empty bar.

"STRQ, TPAZ, WINE, OXFD and all the rest. I thought we were the biggest badasses, and I thought we were gonna save the world-

"Now half of the survivors are drunkard, half are drifters and the rest ain't got a scrap of resolve left."

"Mmm," April nodded in agreement slowly, reaching back and taking another shot of whiskey. "Ya know I'd offer pity sex, but you're not my type."

Qrow laughed bitterly. "Thanks. I'd accept it too, but you ain't my type either."

"Let me guess. Black and red hair, white cloak, floral theme?" April drawled, earning a crimson scowl.

"The fuck do you want from me, Cot?"

"Nothing. I just thought an old friend could use a drinking buddy, and an ear." She replied shrugging. Qrow felt her gazing at his haggard profile, but swill this place served garnered his attention more.

"I loved Summer with all my heart. I knew she wouldn't love me the same way, but do you honestly think poisoning and beating the shit out of yourself is gonna bring her back?" April asked bluntly, her black eyes narrowed into a glare.

"That's the bitch about fate," Qrow drawled, slumping further. "Its indiscriminate and it always ends the same: Folks getting a whole lot of dead. Might as well give it a helping hand..."

"Boring." April muttered under her breath and letting her head hang back so she was staring at the ceiling. "I always had you pegged as a nihilist, not a fatalist. Added the whole 'casual badass' image you had going if I'm honest."

"Thought so too, then shit hit the fan." Qrow made a slurred little poof sound, mimicking an explosion with his hand with then it to the counter with a slap. "Raven pissed off, Summer died and if it weren't for the pipsqueaks or teaching, I wouldn't even be talking to Tai anymore."

"You and he had a row?" April sighed, but somehow found it unsurprising despite her choice of words. STRQ were basically the poster team of screwed up love triangles after all. "Weird. Back at school, you two were damn near inseparable. Pranking every and any asshole that gave you weird looks."

"Its complicated..." Qrow groaned, his head thudding to the table. Another silence followed, one so deafening, the barkeep wiping glasses sounded like a piercing screech.

"Where are you goin'?" April asked, watching Qrow stumbling to his feet in a drunken stupor. His swaying steps somehow made it halfway to the door without banging into a table, but Qrow lost his balance for a moment, leaning heavily on a chair he caught.

"Hey!" April snapped, tossing a half dozen lien cards on the counter and rushing to her former classmate's side. "You're not in any condition to go anywhere!"

"Killing Grimm clears my head," Qrow drawled, hiccuping slightly from the alcohol. "Came here on a contract after all."

"Don't suppose I force you to wash your face in cold water first?" April asked, folding her arms with a disapproving look.

"Could try. Doubt you'd, hic, succeed..." Qrow shrugged indifferently. April simply shook her head and moved to guide him out, escorting him by the elbow.

The cool autumn air felt good, and smelt fresh and clean compared to the bar's atmosphere, even in this heavily industrial district.

"Apartment 3-13 in the Sunshine block. Go there after you're done. I'll leave the window open, and you can sleep on the couch. Cheaper than renting a hotel at least."

"Thanks Rilli. " Qrow mumbled, shambling off before she could protest at the nickname.

"Just don't let me find your corpse in the westerlands. I don't wanna talk to Taiyang either." Qrow could hear her shout from behind, and took flight as a black bird a second later.

Fin

* * *

><p>Author's notes: So, I just had this idea of an Qrow running into an old classmate on one of his missions and figured what the hey. April Cot - named after Apricots - is an OC that will feature in the up-coming Pitch Black fic. And was a childhood friend (with an unrequited love) of Summer.

Please review and feedback, I welcome it as always.

**Regards, **

Aurora313.

End
file.